

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 29. — VOL. XVII

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1805

NO. 863.

WINTER QUARTERS.

A TALE.

CONCLUDED.

GRATIFIED by his kind attention, so soothing to her wounded pride, after the severe mortification she had experienced, she readily gave permission; and, finding her companion understood French, entered into a brief sketch of her sad story, and candidly let him know the real state of their finances. Mr. Nesbit heard her with attentive compassion, and, being a physician of eminence, expressed his pleasure that it was in his power to be of service to her father. The heart of Claudine felt grateful, but she knew not how to act: the small supply of money the Count had brought to London, was already exhausted; they were in arrears for their lodging, and she felt discouraged from the thought of raising money by her own industry. Nesbit, who saw what was passing in her mind, assured her, in the most delicate manner, of his disinterestedness; and they proceeded together to the lodging of the Count D'Arnaud.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

Dr. Nesbit attended the Count daily, and had many opportunities of observing the virtuous Claudine. Pity and admiration soon gave birth to love; and though the good physician was near fifty years of age, a plain man, and a protestant, he ventured to form a wish that Claudine would not reject the offer of his hand. The many obligations conferred by him, had, indeed, awakened in the breast of that amiable girl, the liveliest gratitude, which manifested itself in every word and action; but her heart was still filled with the image of the unworthy Hamilton. Time, however, and the sad conviction of his baseness, had softened the impression; but every emotion revived, when her father, in persuasive accents, entreated her to marry Dr. Nesbit. It was in vain her father represented to her, that she had no other way of discharging their vast debt of gratitude; that she would secure the comfort of his future days, and make a worthy man happy; that it was useless to waste her hours in regret for an unworthy object, while prospects so unexpectedly fortunate presented themselves, and a thousand such arguments, which she could only answer with her tears, but which her reason gradually yielded to. At length, overpowered by persuasion and entreaty, for a father's sake, to preserve him from perishing in a strange land, a prey to want and sorrow, she yielded herself to their persuasions, and promised to become the wife of Nesbit; who, charmed by her compliance, sent for his attorney, and made the most liberal settlements. To this Claudine would have objected: she begged him to consider the interest of his own relations, nor distress her by generosity which could only make her appear mercenary in the eyes of those who might form expectations from him. He smiled, and replied, "I have been very cautious how I raised expectations which might never be fulfilled; I have always suffered it to be understood, that my money would be put to charita-

ble uses; and I have few relatives who require any addition to their fortunes; one poor lad only would have been benefited by my remaining single; and if he does not grumble at my conduct, I have yet enough in reserve to provide handsomely for him."

THE WEDDING DAY.

That her father might not have reason to think she suffered too acutely in the sacrifice she was making to his interest, Claudine met the day which was to decide her fate with a serene countenance. The Count, considerably recovered, attended them to church, and Nesbit, in silent exultation, led the trembling Claudine to the altar: her father regarded her with an imploring countenance, and she determined to support this last trial with resolution; yet her accents faltered when she attempted to repeat the words of the clergyman; and turning round to catch a glance of encouragement from d'Arnaud, she gave a loud shriek, and, covering her face with her hands, she sunk senseless at the feet of the terrified Nesbit. "What can be the cause of this?" he cried, in a tone of agitation. "Am I so hateful to her?" "Oh, no, Sir," said Alfred Hamilton, advancing; "it is I who am so hateful; the sight of me has done this: faithless girl, have you still some feeling for the wretched Hamilton?" "Explain this strange scene, I entreat you," says Nesbit. "It is this gentleman, Sir, that I must explain," replied Hamilton. "Say, Count, why was Claudine torn from me so cruelly? why was I condemned?" "Accuse me not of cruelty or injustice," returned d'Arnaud; "I confronted your accuser, and am convinced of your villainy." "By Heaven," exclaimed Alfred, "I deserve not that aspersion: despair has brought me hither; I could refute this vile calumny, but it is now too late. Claudine, Claudine, you have undone me." Roused by his voice, Claudine rose from the supporting arms of Nesbit. "Oh, do not quarrel," cried she earnestly; "I never wronged you, Hamilton; my esteem, my love was yours. Ah! what do I say! Go, go; it is now indeed too late." Impatient at this delay, the clergyman closed his book, and would have retired. Mr. Nesbit begged him to wait a few moments; then turning to Claudine, he said, "if my nephew is the young man to whom you was once attached, and whom you slightly mentioned to me the day we first met, I must, in justice to him, and every one concerned, have this affair completely investigated. With respect to your principal accusation, I think I dare venture to assert, that Alfred is not married; but if he has been the betrayer of innocence, and would now desert her he has deluded, and comes here with the invidious intent of disturbing your peace and mine, he is even more base than you supposed him. What can you plead in your vindication?"

"This, Sir," said Hamilton, drawing a paper from his bosom, "is the acknowledgement of Captain Naish, written in presence of, and signed by, the principal officers of the regiment. In it he confesses the deception passed on the Count d'Arnaud and was entirely of his own contrivance, with a view to separate me from Claudine, and to get her into his own power; that

the woman who passed for my wife, was his own mistress; and that I have drawn this confession from him at the sword point." Claudine clasped her hands together in rapture; then recollecting her situation, hid her face in her father's bosom, and wept bitterly; while Alfred continued: "a letter left for me by the Count, acquainted me of the too certain success of his vile plan: my rage and distraction knew no bounds; I fought with Naish, and obtained this acknowledgement, but was unsuccessful in my endeavors to discover the retreat of my Claudine, till your letter gave me intelligence of your approaching nuptials. Oh, Sir, judge my distraction; I flew hither to upbraid Claudine for her infidelity. I find her the wife of my uncle: my doom is fixed—may she be ever happy!" tears of mingled emotion stole down the cheeks of Nesbit; he pressed his lips to the cold cheek of Claudine: "Sweet girl," said he tenderly, "what hast thou suffered! shall I distress thee further? Not by all my hopes of happiness. Alfred, she is not yet my wife: nay, be not doubtful, she shall be yours; I give her to you with my blessing, and the fortune already settled on her. Claudine, dearest Claudine, look up: say but that I have made you happy, and Nesbit cannot be discontented. Alfred embraced his Claudine with delight, and they wept their gratitude at the feet of the good old man, who forcibly felt, that the greatest happiness we can experience, is that which arises from a consciousness of having conferred felicity on those who are worthy objects of our regard. By the order of Mr. Nesbit, the marriage ceremony was immediately performed; and Alfred Hamilton had never cause to regret the day when he obtained the hand of the fair emigrant: benevolence, constancy, and generosity, crowned the union of the happy lovers, and laid the foundation of their future bliss.

ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote, which is of undoubted authenticity, will sufficiently prove the decided superiority, which in addition to her other advantages, England possesses in the article of hardware. Some time ago, a French nobleman of distinction, was introduced to a manufacturer of Birmingham, by whom he was shown through the different workshops, &c. where the various mechanical contrivances, the judicious arrangement of the business, and the high degree of polish to which the several articles were brought, attracted very strongly the attention of the noble visitor. At length, producing a gold snuff-box from his pocket, he said, that it was somewhat strange, that with their superiority of skill, they could not equal the manufacture of that hinge. The proprietor of the manufactory took the box in his hand, and after viewing for some time very attentively, he requested permission to take it asunder, assuring its owner that it should receive no damage. It was accordingly taken in pieces, when the manufacturer found his own initials on the inner edge of the box, which, though made the boast of French ingenuity, had been actually formed on the very spot where they stood,

THE GENEROUS SWAIN.

BORN to a comfortable fortune, Alcander lived in his youth in rustic affluence.—Arrived at that period when the heart expands herself to love, he fixed his affections on a nymph, to whom he was soon married—he now became settled in life—his children flourished like the tree planted by the river side around his table—he was happy—he knew that he was happy, and he wished others so—he thought he saw those that were not—he endeavored, by his generosity, to banish their sorrow—but while in the goodness of his heart he alleviated their distresses, he forgot that he added to his own. “True,” said Alcander, “I have repented me of my liberality when, with tears, my prattling infants have in vain asked for things they have been accustomed to—I have now and then felt displeased, especially when I was obliged to quit the home of my ancestors, and seek shelter in a humbler shed—but still I feel a consolation in knowing that my name is spoken of with reverence, and, although poor, esteemed, honored, and respected. Thank Providence, the gloomy cloud is fast dispelling—the prospect brightens—my children will protect me in my old age—will, I trust, render their memory respected—their names endearing to posterity—if they do, then am I amply rewarded for all my cares, and all my troubles.

TURKISH PUNISHMENT.

IN Turkey, if a Butcher sells short weight, or stinking meat, for the first offence his meat is all given to the poor; he is tied to a post all day in the sun, a piece of stinking meat is hung close to his nose; besides, he is sentenced to pay a sum of money. For the second offence, he undergoes a severe corporal punishment, and pays a heavy fine; and for the third offence, he is put to death.

If a Baker sells short weight, or bad bread, for the first offence his bread is given to the poor, and he is nailed to his door, sometimes by one ear, sometimes by two, for the space of twenty-four hours. For the second offence, his bread is given to the poor, and he receives two or three bastinadoes on his feet, sometimes on his back, afterwards they put his head through a hole in a large board loaded with lead, and force him to walk through the principal streets, until he is almost exhausted; if he survives this, and commits a third offence, he is beheaded.

ANECDOTE.

THE Emperor of Russia had three pair of worsted stockings sent him by capt. Brown, one of the last ships of the season, from Grangemouth, in a present from a woman in the neighborhood, for having liberated her son, John Duncan, a sailor, from his captivity. She wrote a letter along with them, calling the emperor “his most dreadful Majesty,” saying the stockings were knit by her own hands, requesting he will let her know if they fit him, also how many children he has, or is likely to have, as she intends to devote the rest of her days to working worsted stockings for them. The letter and parcel came to the care of Dr. Wyllie, his Majesty’s Physician, who delivered them to his Imperial Majesty. The emperor laughing very heartily, said this woman’s heart must be in the right place—desired that they might be sent to the Chamberlain Sirogonoff, and that he might present them in form.

MILITARY FINESSE.

*TO a farmer in Dorset a poor woman went
To purchase a bushel of corn.
Herself and her children, with hunger quite spent,
Look’d destitute, poor, and forlorn.*

*Now seventeen shillings were all that she had,
And she offer’d the whole for the wheat,
Eighteen was the price, and the farmer he said,
That a penny he never would bate.*

*The woman wept sore, when a soldier came by,
Who learning the cause of her grief,
Bad: her be of good cheer and leave piping her eye,
For he would afford her relief.*

*Pray give him the whole of your money he said,
And if the farmer be willing,
Before your poor infants shall go without bread,
Will give him a bright George’s shilling.*

*The farmer agreed and accepted the same;
But now, quoth the soldier, observe!
The shilling I gave you was in the king’s name,
So you must his Majesty serve!*

*Thus the farmer he trick’d, to the joy of his heart,
And render’d the poor woman woe,
For, causing the clod-pole to pay down the smart,
He took up a shilling, said this is my part,
Here, mistress, do you take the rest.*

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A CERTAIN OLD MAN WITH

A LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN.

*AS some authors write,
The little God Cupid
Was depriv’d of his sight,
Without making him stupid;
But I’ll soon bring to light,
A proof we may seize on,
That it was not his sight
He had lost, but his reason.*

*An old man he found,
Who but feebly could waddle,
Who could scarce breathe a sound,
Or had brains in his noddle—
The god thought this wight
Fit to blow a love breeze on,
Which proves that his sight
He’d not lost but his reason.*

*He next found a lass
Who, for truth is my duty,
Might very well pass
As possessing much beauty—
These together he ties;
But they soon ceas’d to please on;
Which shows, not his eyes
Cupid lost, but his reason,*

A SCOLD.

*ETERNAL fury! hold thy cursed tongue,
So quick, so sharp, so loose, so loud, so long,
That neither husband, neighbor, friend, or foe,
Can be at ease, whene’er they hear it go;
Dread thunder is a much less frightful noise;
Drums, guns, and bells, are music to thy voice;
The pilory, which the perjurd villain fears,
Cannot be half so uneasy to the ears;
Nor is the aching head’s vexatious pain
Half so tormenting to a sickly brain;
Then heaven defend, and keep my ears secure
From the sad plague which none but death can cure.*

THE PROPHET!

A very deplorable and extraordinary event took place very lately in the environs of Strasburgh. An old Shoemaker called Schneider, of the sect of the *illuminees*, and who pretended to be in immediate communication with the divinity, had in many circumstances given proofs of his disorder, announcing as near at hand the end of the world, and given out his dreams as indubitable prophecies. Some persons had become his adherents, particularly his brother-in-law, Westerman, also a shoemaker, whom he had persuaded to relinquish his trade, to share amongst the first people who presented themselves his furniture and effects, and to wait in perfect tranquillity for the day of Judgement, without any other care than to recite canticles, and prayers. In the mean time his prophecies were not verified, and the world still continuing to last, his proselytes successively abandoned him. He then quitted the town of Strasburgh with his family, his mother-in-law and brother-in-law, to settle himself with them in the village of Hoenhelm, where he continued to prophecy. One morning, upon waking, he announced that during the night he had been visited by the Holy Ghost, who had formally declared to him that his mother-in-law had only 24 hours to live. The good woman, upwards of eighty years of age, answered that she was ready to submit to the will of Heaven, on whom her destiny depended, and that she should die without grief. Night coming on, Schneider and his brother-in-law Westerman, set about digging a grave in the cellar of the house they lived in, and in the morning they laid the old woman in it, and buried her alive, singing psalms and canticles over her body: after which they returned to their daily occupations. The news of this event being spread, an Officer of Justice was sent for to Strasburgh, and upon searching he found the corpse. This occasioned the arrest of the prophet and his brother-in-law. They are soon to be tried at Strasburgh. *Lond. pap.*

HORRID EXCUSE FOR SINNING.

We are very apt to accommodate religion to our own purposes. A girl, who had been seduced by a man of fashion, and then deserted by him, after receiving a promise of marriage, conceived so violent an aversion to him that she would have done any thing to revenge herself. Being one day at Church, where the subject of the sermon was seduction, the parson, after having pathetically described the great sin of a man who seduced a girl under pretence of marrying her, remarked, that it was reducing her to irreparable misfortune, and usually obliged her afterwards to live by prostitution.—“Take care, my brethren, (said he) I address myself principally to young men, who glory in deceiving innocent girls, and I maintain that you will not only have to answer for your own sin, but for those you have caused others to commit;—and that you are answerable for the sin which an innocent woman commits, after you basely deserted her, as having been the prime instigator, and the robber of her virtue.”—This doctrine so pleased the young girl, that, as she returned from church, meeting one of her female acquaintance, “my dear,” said she to her, “I would not have missed hearing our sermon to day for the world. The parson said, that the villain who deceived me will have to answer for all the sins I may hereafter commit: I am, therefore, determined to commit so many, that the fellow will surely be damned!”

ON THE

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

*HAPPY Infant! thou art gone
To where endless joys are known;
Gone from this inclement clime;
Gone in thy appointed time.*

*And in realms of light above,
Realms of rapture, realms of love,
There a cherub dost thou shine,
Everlasting and divine.*

*Happy Innocent! like thee,
May thy early kindred be,
When the awful day shall come,
That consigns them to the tomb.*

*Then in realms of light above,
Realms of endless joy and love,
There as brightly shall we shine,
Everlasting and divine.*

FANCY.

*FANCY, thou busy offspring of the mind!
Thou roving, ranging, rambler, unconfin'd!
Pleasing, displeasing, aping, marring, making,
First wright for wrong, then wrong for right mista-
king,
Restless thyself, can't let poor me alone,
Thou something, nothing, any thing in one!*

THE FISHERMAN

DWELT in a little hovel by the river side, patience was pictured in his features, indolence in his gait, industry in his front, and in his eye anticipation.—unacquainted with letters, unskilled in artifice, save in the line of his profession; mild in his nature, though a natural advocate for liberty. He had a wife and three little ones; Mary was thrifty as well as faithful; by spinning she procured some few luxuries, but then her "humble wishes never learnt to stray." It was her sole pride to nourish with tenderness her infants; to have a clean hearth, a sparkling fire, and at church to appear decent. Oh! cursed ambition, was it not for thee we should all of us travel placidly through the valley of life; war would cease to devastate, and angelic peace wanton on the plain.

MODERN ORTHOGRAPHY.

A parish clerk in Hertfordshire, named Jeremy, lately received the following curious instructions from a parishioner:—"Mister Gemmery, mi wief is dede an wants to be burid, a Digg Graiv for hir an Shee shall com to be burid ternorrer at Wonneer Cloke—you noes ware to dige itt bi mi two uther wifes—let it lee dip."

ANECDOTE.

A poor Irish laborer lately applied to a lady for her interest to be admitted into an Hospital, as he was very ill. The lady said, she only subscribed to the *Lying-in Hospital*. "That's the very one I want," cried Pat, in an extacy, "as my landlord threatens to turn me out; and if he does, I have no place to lie in."

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 20, 1805.

Fifty-two Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 13th inst.

About eleven o'clock on Saturday night an attempt was made by some ruffians to break in to the fire proof store of Mr. Robert Gillespie, in Fletcher-street. Attempts were first made to force the under door, which was fortunately secured by two double locks. Afterwards an attempt was made to force the upper doors and windows by means of a ladder—At length the villians were seen by the neighbors, but they made off before it was possible to have them secured.

When capt. Hildreth sailed from Charleston, it was reported that the Driver sloop of war had taken the largest of the French privateer schooners which had been cruising off the bar for some time past.

The Philadelphia Board of Health have offered a reward of 200 dollars for the apprehension of those concerned in burying, secretly, the bodies of the dead in the public burying ground of that city. They mention three late instances of bodies being imperfectly interred at night.

There were 92 deaths in Philadelphia, from the 6th to the 13th inst.—30 of them were adults, and 62 children.

KINGSTON, (Esopus) July 9.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Isaac Hornbeck, of Rochester, put an end to his existence by cutting his throat.—A coroner's inquest was held before Jacob Codington, Esq. by a jury of twenty two, who unanimously brought in a verdict of insanity. A few days preceeding this unhappy event, Mr. Hornbeck had shewn strong symptoms of insanity.—He was a pious, honest industrious man, sustained an unblemished reputation through the whole course of his life, lived respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

PORTLAND, July 9.

Fire!—The inhabitants of this town were last night alarmed with the cry of fire, which proved to be at the head of Union Wharf. Stores, No. 1, 2, & 3, with their principal contents, were entirely destroyed, besides one shop occupied by Mr. Wright, Taylor, one by Mr. Woodman, Hatter, and one by Mr. Hasty, Blacksmith. The losses were principally sustained by capt. David Smith, the Hon. Woodbury Storer, and Mr. Robert Boyd, whose stores with their valuable contents, and many of their papers were consumed. Circumstances lead us to suppose that the fire was occasioned by the use of segars, in a sail-loft kept over the stores; which we hope will be a caution against these dangerous tho' too fashionable nuisances.

MIDDLETOWN, July 12.

On Thursday evening the 4th inst. between the hours of 10 and 11, a barn belonging to Col. Daniel Brainerd, of Haddam, was discovered to be on fire, and before assistance could be had, was enveloped in flames, together with about three tons of hay and a new cart. It is supposed to have been set on fire by design.—Loss estimated at about 700 dollars.

COURT OF HYMEN.

LOVELY looks, and constant courting,
Sweet'ning all the toils of life;
Cheerful children's harmless sporting,
Follow woman made a wife!

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening the 9th inst. by the Rev. Bishop O'Brien, Mr. Ignatius P. Longchamp, merchant of this city, to Miss Louisa Sophia Brunel.

In Hartford, John M. Gannett, Esq. of Cambridge, (Mass.) to Miss Mary Wallis.

At Boston, on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Elliot, Mr. Cyphran Southack, to Miss Sally Knowlton.

MORTALITY.

IN life's young years—I gave it not a thought,
That those I lov'd would e'er be ta'en away;
But soon, alas! the bitter change was wrought,
That turn'd the living—into heaps of clay;
Thus life's gay visions—gloomy death destroys;
And thus must perish all terrestrial joys.

DIED.

On Monday last, Mr. DANIEL MELLON, of Albany, merchant—after an indisposition of a few days.

At his seat near Georgetown, Gen. URIAH FORREST, formerly a respectable officer in the revolutionary war.

Very suddenly, on the 2d inst. of a child bed fever, Mrs. MAGDALIN BEECKMAN, wife of Peter Beeckman, Esq. of Albany, and daughter of Col. Nicholas Van Rensselaer, of Greenbush, in the 20th year of her age.

At Troy, on Tuesday se'nnight, Mrs. DELIA MARIA HART, wife of Mr. Richard P. Hart, of Cambridge, and daughter of James Dale, Esq. of Troy, aged 22 years.

At Staunton, Virginia, on the 4th inst. DAVID RAWN, Esq. principal Clerk in the Office of the United States.

MILENARY.

A Saunders, finding that he cannot quit his present line of business so soon as he intended, without great loss on his flock on hand. Begs leave to inform his customers and the public that he still continues his business at his Store, No. 119 William-Street, where he has a general assortment of Straw, Leghorn, and Paper Bonnets as usual, Whole Sale and Retail.

April 27.

\$511f.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No 207, WATER-STREET,

FIVE DOORS EAST OF BEEKMAN-SLIP.

G. SINCLAIR respectfully solicits the patronage, of his friends, and the public, to his Circulating Library.

The collection now offered, (of Novels only) though small is well chosen; and to which if encouragement offers, additions will be made, of new Books of Merit, as soon as they appear Catalogues Delivered gratis.

For sale as above a handsome assortment of Books and Stationary. March 23 1805.

Just received,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE BEST

RHEUMATIC OINTMENT,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

An elegant edition of the DEATH OF ABEL, in five books, from the German of Gellner; with a beautiful likeness of the Author.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FROM A FATHER TO A SON.

DEAR BOY,

THO' three annual seasons have not
Sated on thee their influence kind;
Tho' the cheerful morn of reason
Dawns not on thy infant mind:

Yet a father's partial fondness
Dedicates to thee this lay;
Blithesome, sprightly, playful sportling!
With a smile my love repay.

Tranquil is thy little bosom;
Care doth seldom it molest;
But soft peace with downy pinion,
Hovers round thy gentle breast.

Little think'st thou what sharp trials
May await thy riper years;
What temptations may assault thee,
Trav'ling through this vale of tears.

Ne'er may sickness blast thy comforts—
Grant my wish, ye heav'nly powers!
But may health, that rosy goddess,
Paint thy path with fairest flowers.

If inconstant, changeful Fortune
Shower not rich gifts on thee,
In some homely straw-bound cottage,
Eat the bread of industry.

Tread the shining ways of Virtue,
Then Content will be thy guest;
Then true joy will fill thy bosom,
Though no star adorn thy breast.

Safely may'st thou cross time's ocean,
Weather all the storms of strife;
And when thy short voyage is over,
Anchor in the port of life.

ANECDOTE.

In a season of great drought in Persia, a school-master at the head of his pupils, marched out of Shiraz in procession, to pray for rain; when a humorous fellow asked where they were going? the tutor told him, and said, "he doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children."—"My friend," said the humorist, "If that was the case, I fear there would be no Schoolmasters left alive."

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from

WILLIAM-STREET.

CLEANS and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel hair shawls cleaned and re-dressed. He has also erected a HOT CALLENDER. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing BLUE upon Cotton and Linen; Dyes stuffs for sale.
June 1, 1805. 846. 17.

MORALIST.

PENITENCE.

THE kindness of heaven is promised to the penitent. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than many persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for the single effort by which we stop short in the downhill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue, than an hundred acts of justice.

NOTICE.

The creditors of John Old, and Gilbert Purdy, insolvent debtors, confined in the goal of the county of Bergen, are hereby notified that the judges of the inferior Court of Common Pleas of said county, have appointed to meet at the Court House in New-Berabadoes in said county, on the twenty ninth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to hear what can be alleged for or against the liberation of the said debtors, pursuant to the laws of New-Jersey in such case made and provided, and agreeable to the petition of the said insolvents.

JOHN OLD,
GILBERT PURDY.

Bergen County Goal, June 17, 1805. 859. 61.

LITERATURE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Banker-Street as usual, and will open another the first of May in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality, and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy and therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.
W. D. LEZELL.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases, Releases, Powers, Bonds, &c. upon the most reasonable terms.

MR. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street. Where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm, and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delightful sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

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